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#1076
P O E M

TO Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess of *W A L E S*.

OCCASIONED by

Her late happy DELIVERY, and the
BIRTH of a PRINCESS.

By Mr. W E L S T E D.

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

*Aggredere, O! magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Clara Deûm soboles!*

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the *Royal
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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess of *WALES*.

STRIKE the deep Note, the Convent swell,
My Psalt'ry, and my golden * Shell ;
No more delight in Shepherds Themes,
Or warble to meandering Streams :
For, lo ! the Triumph Song we bring,
To the fair Daughter of a KING
Devoted.— *Britons*, This is She,
Who shall your Tow'r, and Bulwark be !
With CAROLINE, who wipes the Stains,
And Griefs away, of former Reigns :

* Aurea Testudo, or the Lute.

Nor *England's* * Angel now bemoans
Her childless Queens, and barren Thrones.

WITHIN the Womb, in Silence kept,
While yet the Babe Imperial slept :
Distrust, the Harbinger of Sorrow,
With panting Breast still wak'd the Morrow :
But now, dispers'd those doubtful Glooms,
Gay Pleasure mounts on Eagles Plumes :
I feel, I taste, Joy's Saffron Gale !
Bright Princess ! blest AUGUSTA, hail.
Sweet Blossom of a † conq'ring Race !
The Realms of Conquest doom'd to grace !
Beneath the dazzling *British* Sun,
Great Beauty's Circuit shalt thou run :
Lo ! in thy Eye Love's Lightnings stand :
All o'er thee is his *promis'd Land*.

To Heav'n the Hallelujah send !
Where shall our Thanks, or Raptures end ?

* *Genius, or Guardian Deity.*

† *Vid. History of the House of Saxe Gotha.*

Most fair of Mothers ! happiest Bride !
 Like Palms, art thou, the Brook beside ;
 Like Fields, with waving Harvests crown'd :
 The Fields, which Lillies border round !
 Ordain'd to bless a Royal Line,
 With Virtues, and with Charms divine ;
 To bless a more than Royal Youth,
 With boundless Love, and spotless Truth.

RECOUNT me, Muse, the Dames of old,
 In *Christian* Charts, or *Jewish*, roll'd ;
 Whom *Israel's*, or whom *Albion's* Swains,
 Have canoniz'd in mighty Strains !
 See, led by ABR'AM's lordly Hand,
 The tempting Foundress of her Land !
 Here, lo ! the Star, with NASSAU seen :
 There, proud AHASUERUS' * Queen !
 ANNE BULLEN this — too lovely rose !
 Who views her Form, shall feel her Woes :
 That's † She, in *Egypt's* grand Attire,
 Who tun'd the *Hebrew* Monarch's Lyre !

* HESTER.

† PHARAOH's Daughter, one of the Wives of Solomon.

Such were the high-rai'd Nymphs, whom Fate
 Gave to subdue the Wife or Great ;
 Whom, thro' a Thousand rubric Days,
 Fame's never dying Heralds blaze :
 Yet, sparkling Princess, could I be,
 As Time to them, most just to Thee :
 O'er theirs, thy brighter Name should last,
 And present Glories cloud the past.

At length, Hope bleeding now no more,
 A virtuous Empire's Danger o'er,
 Come, Goddess, forth ! and with thee bring
 The Gloss, that mocks the Cygnet's Wing !
 The * Mien ! t' Immortals that belongs :
 The Voice, more sweet than Sky-lark Songs !
 The Face ! that innocent of Wiles,
 Like HEBE blooms, like VENUS smiles.

Yet first, awhile the long'd-for Day,
 The Virgin's Jubilee delay ;

* *Et vera incessu patuit Dea.*

VIRG.

Nor Gladness, yet, thro' Worlds inspire ;
 Nor, yet, re-wake great VARIO's Lyre :
 First, with thy God the Cov'nant seal ;
 At his all-hallow'd Altars kneel ;
 Devoutly, sweetly, charming there,
 Lift to the Mercy-Seat thy Pray'r ;
 There praise the Pow'r, that propt the Life
 Of GOTHAM'S Sister, FRED'RIC'S Wife !
 * In Battle cover'd GEORGE'S Head !
 Thro' whom the *Belgic* Surges fled :
 Who quell'd Sedition's angry Dart,
 And now o'erjoys thy Prince's Heart.

* Oudenard in Flanders.

F I N I S.



And now enjoys thy Prince's heart
Who quell'd Sebastian's angry part
Thou, whom the Alps Surge fed;
* In Fable cover'd George's Head
Of George's other labours Writ
This fable the Poet has contriv'd
To the Poet's art and Power
Downy, lovely, charming things
At his allusion I am struck;
And yet to wake your fancy here
Not I direct, yet thus I write

Original in Manuscript

F I N I S

